

The Historie of

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Five yeares, berlady a long lease for the clinking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. Francis. Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Chrifstall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir; Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the fourth.

Vint. V What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to the Gheltes within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: Poines.

Poines. Anone, anone sir. Enter Poines.

Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theenes, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percys mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some sixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answeres, some forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Bravme shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance to, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3.

Falst.